

Random Reveries

of a



Busy Barrister

Kneeland



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RANDOM REVERIES
OF A
BUSY BARRISTER

BY
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"LAW, LAWYERS AND LAMBS,"
"CAMPAIGN SONGS," ETC.



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Dedicatory

If, in these simple rhymes, aught worthy of approval is found, credit is due to the memory or spirit power of a loving and always helpful wife

MARY STUART WILSON KNEELAND

or to the sub-conscious uplift of many living friends. Of course, the faults will be readily discovered and cheerfully fathered.

PREFACE

WHENEVER a lawyer crosses the line which hedges the sacred precincts of Poesy and audacity reaches the point of publication, it is manifest that the patient public is entitled to either explanation or apology. Here both may be due but neither will be given—without the customary professional fee.

Adverse criticism is often helpful and always painful, but he who reads an entire book, to criticise or condemn it, being the greater sufferer, is entitled to compensation in kind. Let him have it. He will, anyway, for nothing inserted here will either curb him or the public, unless we all agree to “cry quits” and be “happy ever after.”

The author professes only a flirting acquaintance, of short duration, with the muses, the omega of a forty-year service in a profession where sentiment succumbs to statute and rhyme to reason. If others “passing through the valley and shadow” can gather from the following simple but heartfelt stanzas some of the golden sunshine that pierced the clouds under which they were written, this “labor of love” will not have been in vain.

S. F. K.

THE CHELSEA, New York, December 15, 1914.

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RANDOM REVERIES OF A BUSY BARRISTER


MY CREED

I BELIEVE in creation as part of God's plan,
In the fatherhood God, and the brotherhood
man;

In the life of the Master, unshackled by creeds;
In highest ideals, but coupled with deeds;
More service of God, but simpler given;
More pleasure in life, as the alpha of heaven;
In more of Samaritan, less of priest
With his phylacteries seen at the feast.

I believe in a creed that is brimming with cheer,
And in the hereafter, as part of the here.
With God in the home, and love in the heart,
Our heaven and earth will be not far apart.
Why wait the millennium? Just open your eyes!
This grand old earth is paradise;
Though its beauty, transfigured, may never be
known,
Till the guardian angel rolls back the stone.

ROOFLAND

N the heights of Roofland, bounded
By a river and river and bay,
With the glory of twilight surrounded,
We muse and we dream and we pray:—
For visions are clearer,
And God seems nearer,
On the heights, at the close of day.

There throned on the throne of man's making,
And crowned by the stars above;
With the light of the moon just breaking,
Over housetop, and highland, and cove:—
Our hearts are glee,
And our souls are free,—
For we live in the halo of love.

The night grows gray as we linger
And music fills the street;
But we heed not the song, or the singer,
Or the rhythmical patter of feet:
For our souls are in tune
With the gay old moon,
And our little world is complete.

Ah! Sadly these lines have confounded
The past and the present with me;
The Metropolis now is bounded
By a river, a sound and a sea;

Roofland

And the scene may be grander,
As the moonlight splendor,
Bursts over the distant lea.

But my heart it is sad to the breaking,
As the shadows flit over the bay;
On the heights of Roofland, forsaken,
I muse, and I mourn, and I pray:—
For it hath come to pass
That my bonnie wee lass,
Forever hath passed away.

No guiding hand, no soul to pity,
No hope, no light, no cheer,
The throbbing heart of the gay old city,
Seems cold, and dead, and drear;
Warm blood may flow
In the homes below,
But not, dear Lord, not here.

Avaunt! This is Roofland, and higher
Than the realms of sorrow and strife;
And our souls are wondrously nigher,
When freed from the fetters of life:
Up here in God's glory,
We'll repeat the old story,
My darling! My angel! My wife!

THE BLUE 'AND THE GRAY

THE Blue and the Gray came together one day,
And this was how it came true:
The Boys in Blue were gray with dust,
And the Boys in Gray were *blue*.

The Blue and the Gray are together again,
But not in the same old way,
For the Boys in Gray are now "true blue,"
And the Boys in Blue are *gray*.

Then give three cheers for the Blue and the Gray,
And "tiger" the one you hold true;
But remember the flag that guards them both,
And render to each his due.

TO THE U. D. C.

(A Northern tribute to the Daughters of the South)

TO the dearest of dames, from the land of
flowers,
Whom to know, is to love, and to love, is
to praise:
Sing! Oh my Muse! With all thy powers,
And thy tribute add, to this humblest of lays.

It is well to remember the loved and the lost;
The thunder of battle, the terrible cost.
But the dead past is dead; with the new life begun,
Thy battles are social, thy laurels well won.

The chivalric Southerner's infinite charm is,
That he fights like a demon, but woos like a dove.
By the sheer force of numbers we conquered your
armies,
By magic and grace you have conquered our
love.

United we stand, our banner a token
Of deeds heroic, of pledges unbroken;—
Not forgetting, not regretting, but always true;
One faith, and one flag; the red, white and blue.

THE MOTHER'S PLEA

GOD shield from harm my bonnie bairn,
For whom all hearts grow fonder;
May angels guide, and guard, the way,
Where'er the footsteps wander.
May bonnie Elves outwit themselves,
In gath'ring gifts to feast her;
May every night be Christmas Eve,
'And every morning—Easter.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY

I KNOW thy heart is fancy free,
Without one pulsing throb for mine!
This saintly day, canst thou not be,
At least in thought, my Valentine?

But when, at last, love comes to thee,
The brightest gem in Cupid's throne;
God grant, sweet one, that then you'll be,
Not Valentine, but *very own*.

TO A SNOW DROP

WHILE yet the snow-banks breast the hills,
And snow-birds take their wing;
Before the lovely redbreast trills
The coming of the Spring;
Before the eagle builds its nest,
Or night hawks cry beyond the crest,
Or larks begin to sing,
The tender snow drop droops its head
And joins the army of the dead.

It never heard the mocking-bird,
Nor bob-o-link duet;
It never knew the violet blue ,
Nor dainty mignonette;
The fields of corn with golden sheaves,
The rustling of the autumn leaves,
Were not for it; but yet,
Thou first born herald of the Spring,
We love thee best, to thee I sing.

Life's fitful fever harms thee not
Nor thought of wrong to be,
Nor dread of death, nor fear, nor doubt,
Nor man's inconstancy;

To a Snow Drop

To cheer thy calm unfretted way,
The snow by night, the sun by day,
 And yet thy soul is free
From each. Oh what a life, God wot!
Thus neither to be cold nor hot!

Thou art but the breath of wildwood,
 Our youthful fancies knew,
The witchery spirit of childhood,
 Tender, pure and true;
Our mother-love, to clasp, then sigh,
For bairns that flit like meteors by
 Leaving but memory.
Welcome thou art, as Summer showers!
Winter's last gift, thou pearl of flowers!

A TWILIGHT HOLIDAY

ALL day long the anvil rings;
All day long the keen scythe swings;
From birth of dawn to death of day,
No time for thought, no heart to pray;
Then, to the soul, an angel sings;
For every golden evening brings
A twilight holiday.

Why stand the strain of toil and tears?
Cut out the life! End all the years!—
The man is something more than clay,
Who drives that rebel thought away;
To fireside joys let all hearts cling,
And every golden evening bring
A twilight holiday.

REMINISCENT

JONCE had a client quite famous,
A most accomplished M. D. ;
His name will forever be nameless,
(The initials are "Jonathan B.").

Now Jonathan had a fine stallion,
In the 2.40 class (or under) ;
The practice on the track was successful,
But the practice at home "went to thunder."

When the doctor deserted his patients,
They responded by getting quite well ;
Then patience deserted the doctor,
And he posted "a stallion to sell."

But horses (the converse of riches),
By a law each owner well knows of ;
Are fleetier in coming, than going,
More easy to buy, than dispose of.

One day the good doctor announced,
With the smiles lighting up his old face,
That his horse had been sold for three thousand
And he'd given up the race.

Reminiscent

With a lawyer's modesty, I questioned,
How the man intended to pay;
"Not exactly in cash," he replied,
"By an island in Great South Bay."

But his troubles seemed never to end,
Each gain was prophetic of loss;
He was sued in whacking big damages
For "misrepresentin' the hoss."

Then I calmed the good doctor and cheered him
With a ray of hope—for the while;
For I sued in double the damages,
For misrepresentin' the isle.

In the end, was every one happy?
Did the lawyers get away with the tin?
And how did the suits come out?
And where did the clients come in?

Oh, that is another story,
Like the contest, it surely will keep;
The asylum has one of the clients,
The other is forever asleep.

But the lawyers accept the situation,
Without the slightest remorse;
For one is the owner of the island,
And the other, the owner of the horse.

DAWN

THE brisk young breeze of the newborn day
Has blown the shadow of night away;
And with it the sorrow, the grief, the pain,
From aching heart and clouded brain.
The Night was dismal and dark as death;
The Morn is sweet, with Springtide's breath.
Our souls are young and our feet are light,
As we face the battle with armor bright.
The man who faints in the whirl of a stream
Is a man unworthy of God's esteem.
Life is eternal! Death is a dream!

THE WOODLAND POOL

FLOWER fringed and fragrant with perfume
of cedar,
Witching and weird, as a Midsummer's
dream,
A gleam of sunshine, in the dim old forest,
This woodland pool of a mountain stream.

'Tis a fern-framed mirror, for wood-cock and
plover,
The big blue heron and the bonnie blue jay;
With vine-clad covers, for pee-wee lovers,
And chattering blackbirds over the way.

What silvers the face of this woodland pool,
In long drawn lines at the day's decline?
'Tis the merry little mink, the festive wild duck,
Or the home-coming, slow-footed kine.

Ah, little it notes, this pearl of the river,
The thunder of rapids angry and wild;
It only remembers that here is a haven,
Peaceful and quiet as the sleep of a child.

Fair Maid of the Mountain! Queen of the Naiads!
As honey, from flowers, the wild bee sips;
So, faint and despondent, I kneel at thy feet,
And gather the wisdom that flows from thy lips.


The Woodland Pool

Life will be filled with the joy of living,
When griefs are banished and fears unknown;
Then will "the morrow care for the morrow"
And yesterday bear its burdens alone.

Why fetter the present with past or future?
There are no sorrows we cannot forget,
There are no shackles we cannot sever,
If the faith of the forest be with us yet.

Flower-fringed and fragrant, with perfume of
cedar,
Witching and weird, as a Midsummer's dream;
A gleam of sunshine to lighten our burdens,
This woodland pool of a mountain stream.

THE GIFT OF THE FAIRIES

NCE on a time the Elves did build,
In a nook where the coolest shade is;
The dear little Elves,
Just built themselves,
The sweetest of all the ladies.

One brought a form of angelic mould,
One brought a heart that was true,
And a face, divine,
That was wholly thine,—
For the sum of it all was you.

TO AN ORCHID

FAR lovelier thou than all the tender words
Whispered in thine ear by humming-birds;
Part flower, part something not yet understood,
Save by the breezes, singing through the wood.

RESTIN'

TRAMPIN' through the forest,
Whippin' all the streams;
Sumtimes ketchin nuthin',
But the sunset gleams;
Coz the wily brook-trout
Keeps us all a-gessin',—
Seems lak' work to we-uns,—
But it's only restin'.

Climin' over mountins,
Till the leaves are damp,
And the funny firefly
Lites his evenin' lamp;
Shinnin' up the gum-trees,
Whar the birds are nestin',—
Seems lak' work to we-uns,—
But it's only restin'.

Under shady pine-trees,
In the paster lot;
Sittin' thar alone,—
Thinkin',—Lord knows what;
Jest a touch of sunshine,
Sweet, beyond expressin',—
Seems right smart to we-uns,—
But she's only restin'.

Restin'

Allus doin' suthin',
Allus feelin' tired;
Never free from labor,
Never hope inspired;
Now she seems contented,
Faith and hope possessin',—
Looks lak' death to we-uns,—
But she's only restin'.


* * * * *

Will there come a season
When we never tire?
“Is there balm in Gilead?”
Fondly I enquire;—
Through the long hereafter,
In the land of blessing,
Heaven will provide
Every kind of resting.

ETERNITY

BEYOND the vales, inlaid with mist,
Sweet-scented by daffodils;
Beyond the meadows, violet kissed,
And the distant cloud-capped hills;
Beyond the mountains, weary and old
And the blue expanse of sea;
Some day, God wilt, we'll all behold
The splendor of Eternity.

THE WIND AMONG THE LEAVES


 H Spirit of forest and mountain,
That guardeth the inland seas,
Tell me the secret meaning
Of the wind among the leaves.

Is there joy in the quiet rustling
Of leaf upon leaf overhead?
Or are they (God pity the asking)
Chanting a dirge for the dead?

'As the swallows croon over their love-tales,
While nestling under the eaves;
So my love, I suspect, hath whispered
Her thoughts to the tossing leaves.

Oh Spirit of forest and mountain,
That guardeth the inland seas;
Tell me the secret, I pray thee,
Thus told to the fluttering leaves!

THE NEW-BORN FLAG

 H spirit of heroic days, when our old flag
was born,
Return, and recreate our ways, now dissolute and
lorn;
Let greed and graft and sordid thoughts unworthy
of our sires
Be burned from our escutcheons by sacrificial fires;
Then while our heart-throbs linger on and till our
pulses cease,
We'll hail the flag thus newly born, a harbinger of
peace.

THE END OF THE ROAD

THE storm has passed, and the moon, low-
edged,


Lines a pathway over the sea,
Whereon the Naiads, graceful, white-winged,
Bring words of hope to me.

Reclining in ease at the end of the road,
Thus furrowed over the sea,
The vision broadens, the soul, clear-eyed,
Glimpses eternity.

There are times when heaven enwraps the earth,
As a coverlet, cheery and warm;
'Tis when we lie at the end of the road,
In the moonlight after the storm.

At the farther end of the road, enchanted,
Loved ones are waiting for me;
Thank God, for the calm, the Naiads, white-
winged,
And the pathway over the sea.

FAITH

 NE stood in a choir-loft, dim, remote,
And lifted her voice in the song of the
soul;
It soared on high, like a trumpet note,
Then passed away in a rhythmic roll.

One stood on a dazzling opera stage,
And goldenly sang of Isolde, the bride;
So wondrous, it wrote for itself a page
On the scroll of fame, then faded, and died.

But one stood forth like a lonely wraith
Where the moonbeams shone on a fresh laid
sod;
Her voice was mute, but the fulness of faith
Carried the song in her heart to God.

“WHEN THE BIRDS BEGIN TO SING”

IT is well, my friend, to remember,
When the skies are ashen and gray,
The very quick step from December,
To the merry month of May.
Confine your thoughts to the season
When the birds are on the wing,
And sighing will turn to singing
Cantos to the new-born Spring.

The snow that fills the valley
Will bathe the feet of flowers;
When the sun has kissed the meadows
In the Spring-tides golden hours.
The earth is sweetly sleeping
All the weary winter long;
And robins are storing music
For the glory of their song.

When the silent snow-birds vanish,
The bobolinks will come;
And violets are blooming
When the daffodils are gone.
So cheer up, dear old Grumpy,
Every winter has its spring,
And all the world is joyous
When the birds begin to sing.

BEATRICE

THE sunlight shineth all day long for thee,
Beatrice;

The wild wind sings its sweetest song to thee,
Beatrice;

The moonlight weaves a silver crown for thee,
The night-shades beareth not a frown for thee,
And all of Nature boweth down to thee,
Beatrice! oh, Beatrice!!

UPLIFTS

ADVERSITY is fortune's school,
Its lessons fill the air;
There's music in the babbling brooks
And uplifts everywhere.

Disasters are but stepping-stones
That span life's mystical streams;
Mere finger-points to victory
Or figments of our dreams.

The hand that bringeth sorrow
Ofttimes a blessing brings;
The clouds that hover o'er us
Are only angels' wings.

If God is God and right is right
Though fools and cowards blame,—
Stand in the ever living light
That always shines the same.

If God is good and right is might
We cannot suffer long,—
Discount the final victory
And lift your soul in song!

IN MEMORIAM

ALL sainted hopes, all lovely things,
Forever, shall our hearts install.

The sweet refrain that mother sings,
The cooing notes that baby brings,
The flutter of an angel's wings:
Whate'er the joy, whate'er the cost,
These never pass beyond recall;
" 'Tis better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all."

“UNCLE GIBB”

UNCLE GIBB,” as we called him, was gray-haired and jolly;
The oldest, but youngest, of men;
For he held it as nothing but nonsense and folly,
To be old at three-score and ten.

This hoary adage to me appeals,
Although it is found in the books,
“A man is always as young as he feels
And a woman as old as she looks.”

By living in sunshine and always hurling
The shadows behind the screen;
He held through life the heart of a yearling,
And, at seventy, was just seventeen.

His motto, like himself, was wise and mellow,
For mellow and wise was he:—
“Just do a good turn to some other fellow,
And then you will do it to me.”

He had no home but cared not for the morrow,
For he dwelt in the heart of our boys;
He lightened their labor, shared their sorrow
And doubled their frolicsome joys.

“Uncle Gibb”

On training days he carried the bunting,
Rounding up with a bit of a spree;
He could discount the lads at fishing and hunting,
For a jolly old sport was he.

Though his catches were famous, and easy as wish-
ing;
Yet he never fished for fame;
This jolly “fly” fisher never heard of fly fishing,
But “he got there just the same.”

His hook it was “Limerick” (that’s what they
called her),
With Irish twine to match it complete,
The pole it was trimmed from willowy alder,
And a slip of pork-rind was the bait.

But the trout they were captured, faster and faster,
His lures they could never resist;
For he whipped the streams with the skill of a
master
And a trick in the turn of the wrist.

One day the youngsters thought they would guy him
With a fairy tale solemn as fate,
How bass could be caught as easy as lying
If you only used mice for bait.

“That’s it, I feared my mind was a-flittin’,”
Said Uncle Gibb quick as a trice,
“On a stone-heap, last summer, I saw a bass sittin’,
He must a-be’n huntin’ for mice.”

“Uncle Gibb”

He was Jack of all trades and master of many,
For any old job was willing,
He would pull your tooth for an old-fashioned
penny,
Or dig your grave for a shilling.

“Whose is this?” we inquired, as we came to the
side
Of a grave he was pottering about;
“It is mine just now,” he quickly replied,
“’Twill be yourn if you don’t watch out.”

The joke was the last, ’ere the close of day,
Heavenward the great soul passed;
In the leaf-cushioned grave his smiling face lay,
He had found a home at last.

That was many and many years ago,
When I was a broth of a boy,
Some have been sad ones, some have been slow,
Some have been brimming with joy.


But all through the years, whether sad or mellow,
The influence of that motto I see,
“Just do a good turn to some other fellow,
And then you will do it to me.”

THE KEY OF LIFE

A Sonnet

HOW oft we cavil at the ways of God,
As seen by our dull eyes. To grasp the
truth
Life's tangled web doth teach, seems hard, for-
sooth,
'And far beyond our reach; the while we plod,
With weary stumbling steps and palsied brain,
Unto the end. Oh Lord, to travel thus,
No light to guide the feet,—seems infamous.
Down rebel thought! Come faith and hope again!
Thy soul is filled with self, and faith is gone
Because cast out. From doubt, thine eyes are
blind;
Do good to all: help thou thy neighbor on;
Upbuild new thought, and rouse the laggard mind,
Then lift your head, and hail the battle won,
For God is good, and all his ways are kind.

ONLY

 ONLY a summer idyl,
Only a meeting by chance,
Only the drooping of eyelids,
Only a moonlight romance.

Only the perfume of roses,
Only the deep blue sky,
Only the hint of a promise,
Only you and I.

Only laurel and holly,
Only the firelight glow,
Only stolen kisses
Under the mistletoe.

Only the fragrance of lilies,
Only the flowers of spring,
Only a gray old church,
Only a wedding ring.

Only a shower of rice,
Only a flying shoe,
Only a Limousine,
Only built for two.

* * * * *

Only a flight of fancy,
Giving life to things that seem,
Only a glimpse of Heaven,
Only, alas, a dream.

A MATIN SONG

THE fog-bound fields seem drifting lakes,
Or half remembered dreams;
While drooping willows, old and gray,
O'er-guard the sleeping streams;
Now Chanticleer the solemn silence breaks;
Proclaims, with bugle notes, the coming day,
And heralds twilight gleams.

Anon, the Wind, new-born, and sweet
With breath of forest flowers,
Uplifts the mist and quick reveals
A full-fledged morn, with powers
Of yesterday, but freed from blinding heat;
Fresh and cool, as when the parched yields
An aftermath from showers.

The restful, dreamless Night, with feet
Baptized in morning dew,
The recrudescent Mother Earth,
The dom'nance of the True,
Endow the world with higher life, complete
In strengthfulness; new faith, new thought, new
birth,
The triumph of the New.

DREAMLAND

GODDESS of Dreams! Seek thou this couch
of mine,

And round my neck thy loving arms entwine,
Then with soft words or soothing roundelay,
Dispell the cares that fill the cup of day.
Godlike is night! A miracle divine!
But best of all the hours we dream away.

RUTH

IN the depth of the forest primeval,
Fanned by the murmuring breeze,
Where the dancing rays of sunshine
Flirt with the fluttering trees,—
There, in the wild, weird forest,
All alone, except, forsooth,
The jolly old elves and wood-nymphs,
The sweet singing Sirens,—and Ruth;

There, where Birch and Hemlock
Are wedded to Maple and Beech,
And white-robed Poplar is “popping
The question” to all within reach,—
I follow the footstep of Fairies
As he cometh my infinite youth,—
Hand in hand with Dame Nature,
With nebulous Nature—and Ruth.

The tree-tops are filled with songsters,
Each vying with “Noddy” “Nid-Nid,”—
For when the Cricket didn’t,
The cute little “Katy-did.”
Regardless of wind and weather,
I confess, if put to the truth,
I would roam through the forest forever
With my radiant, ravishing Ruth.

TWILIGHT

THE rosy glow has faded from the sky,
The glowing light has faded from the sea,
A tender sadness drops upon my soul,
A sacred sadness 'tis to me.

For her I loved as only lovers love,
For her I loved as only Angels know;
Whose precious life was more than heaven to me,
Whose lovely life was heaven below.

Hath passed the Rubicon that bounds our vision;
Hath passed into the realms of mystery;
And with her went the brightest rays of living,
Leaving only twilight for me.

This twilight beareth not a hint of darkness,
But floods my soul with thoughts of higher light
Which bringeth back the loved but never lost
"And there shall never more be night."

THE SPIRIT OF SOUTHLAND

COMES at eve in sunset gleaming,
Comes with morning's magic mist,
Through the weird forest streaming,
O'er the hills by cloudlands kiss'd,
Spirit songs in fancy teeming,
Spirit songs akin to dreaming,
Songs of home I can't resist.

Land of sunlight! Land of showers!
Land of fig-tree! Land of date!
Where the graceful palm-tree towers
By the bayou, by the lake—
How I love thy bonnie bowers,
How I love thy forest flowers;
Dear old Southland, true as fate.

All my life is filled with singing,
When my thoughts are filled with thee;
Heart to heart our souls are clinging,
Love intones a symphony.
Castle bells outbreak thy ringing!
Southland Spirit thou art bringing,
Best of all you have, to me!

RESOLUTIONS

SUCH a wreckage of pledges the New Year
brings,

'Tis best all vows to recall;

Then resolute most horrible things,

And promptly go back on them all.

JANET AND JOHN AND ME

WE are home from the fields and flowers,
Where life was a round of glee;—
I, to my musty law-books,
They to the sounding sea;—
I wonder if it ends the rambles,
Of Janet, and John, and me!

In my dreams I vision a cottage,
With a blue-eyed lad on the lawn;—
Just a glimpse of the fairest maiden,
That ever the sun shone on:—
But, somehow, the order is shifted,
It is Janet—and I, and John.

Now dreams are often prophetic,
Like day-stars that herald the dawn;—
And the trio, to me, is bewitching,
For it hints of a glorious morn;—
Whether I am hyphened with Janet,
Or she is hyphened with John.

WHAT OF THE COMING YEARS?

WHITHER, my soul, art thou drifting,
Aimlessly drifting away;
Yesterday's fleeting fancies,
Solving the problems of to-day?

Not by the passing shadows,
Not by turmoil and tears;
But by a blissful present,
Crown we the future years.

Build a brightsome memory,
Sing a song that will last
When the here is history,
When the now is past.

Then will the glorious sunshine
Scatter our follies and fears;
Making a pathway resplendent
Through the coming years.

Then our souls will be freighted
With all that is noblest and best.
Life will commence when the day-star
Sinks in the Golden West!

FOREVER

TRUE love, once found, is never lost,
There's nothing born in vain;
For all of love is part of life,
'And all of life is gain.

THE SUMMONS OF THE WOODLAND

NOW come to the weary townsmen, plodding
the dusty street,
The fever and the longing, for a cool and
quiet retreat;
For the sound of tinkling cowbells, the buzz of
spinning wheels,
The splashing of the brook-trout, the whizzing of
the reels,

The sighing of the pine-trees, the singing of the
rills,
The drum beats of the partridge, echoing o'er the
hills,
The robin's merry roundelay, floating through the
trees,
A glimpse of the grand old forest, a whiff of the
mountain breeze.

These calls to some are fantastic, as goblins by
ghoul-haunted streams;
To some are terribly real, to some are nothing but
dreams.
God kindly grant him patience, who listens, but
never hears
The summons of the Woodland, that gladdens other
ears.

THE MESSAGE

A KISS was thrown, on a venture,
In one of my fanciful moods,
To my darling, in quaint old Antwerp,
From myself, in the quaint old woods.

Oh was there, in war-stricken Belgium,
A palace where memory broods,
That grew brighter, my love, for the message
Wafted thus, from the quaint old woods?

MEMORY

WHY will the mind keep in store,
Visions we recall with dread;
Phantoms of the cruel heretofore;
Shadows of the quick and the dead.

Better a past, beclouded,
Mystified, beyond endeavor;
Memory, veiled and shrouded,
Buried, forever and ever.

Better, far better than repeating
Over and over again,
Tortures to the mind unseating,
Weighted by infinite pain.

Needless to ransack the hold,
Searching for sorrows that kill;
Stores of the mind are controlled,
Fettered, and bound, by the will.

Out of the realm of the past,
Bring but the thoughts of delight;
Then the sunlight will last,
Nevermore the night.

MY SUMMER GIRL

I LOVED her all summer,
But she was a hummer,
A rare combination of rhyme and reason;
The pet of society,
The pink of propriety.
But I loved her, oh I loved her,—for a season.

With the grace of a fawn,
She trips over the lawn;
There's a touch of the two-step and a hint of the
lances,
As she trips from the daisies
Into the mazes,
Of fantastical butterfly dances.

Each day I loved better,
And would make her my debtor,
By loaning a kiss, if I thought she'd repay it.
I would often rehearse,
"For better—for worse."
But somehow neglected to say it.

Too late, too late;
Ah, cruel fate!
While mooning around, another man found
That my summer-girl
Was a winter-girl,
And a girl for all the year round.

My Summer Girl

Moral

When you find it—grab it,
Don't get the habit
Of relying entirely on goo-goo "eyes"
When you're hemming, and hawing,—
Advancing,—withdrawing,—
The other fellow skips off with the prize.

TRANSFORMATION

THINK not of death, let it come when it will,
Some things are best taken for granted;
Think only of life and its coffers fill,
For death is life, transplanted.

THE SUNNY SIDE OF THE STREET

WHEN the Sun-Dog is bristling, the Storm-
King whistling
And November comes in with flying feet;
At the first clap of thunder, get out from under,
To the sunny side of the street.

As the year grows older and Boreas bolder,
And the Wind-Storm weaves its winding sheet,
Take a reef in the sail and scud with the gale
To the sunny side of the street.

When the market is breaking and Fortune forsak-
ing,
And there's chill in the face of each friend that
you meet,
Don't run to cover, but just step over
To the sunny side of the street.

When smothered with care, get out in the air!
Give grief a good rest and a chance to retreat;
Don't linger in hallways!—Get out!—There is al-
ways
A sunny side to the street,

THE LIGHT BEYOND

THOUGH Sleep awaits, with folded pinions,
The passing of the sunset gleams;
Though Darkness paints celestial visions,
'Tis always daylight in our dreams.

Though Death withholds the stroke of night,
Till Life hath spent her dazzling days;
Yet shall God's angels bring to light
Still brighter beams, more radiant rays.

NEW ENGLAND

THE hills and vales of New England
Are calling to us to-night:
The voice is the voice of childhood,
The land is the home of delight.

As far as the eye can reach,
As wide as the mind can span,
Mountain, meadow and lake;
Moorland, pool and fen.

Vistas of gray and yellow,
Visions of pink and brown,
Blend in roseate splendor,
As the autumn sun goes down.

We note the cry of night-hawks
Quivering over the lakes,
And here and there bob-whites
Are calling to their mates;

The plover and the woodcock
Are running all a-muck,
For the fowling-piece is hailing
The swiftly flying duck;

The gulls are slowly winging
Homeward to the sea,

New England


And a robin quaintly singing
Vesper songs to me.

As the dial of time moves back,
By a wave of Aaron's rod,
The world grows young and tender,
Recreate, by the Grace of God.

Spirit of old New England!
We hail thy presence to-night.
Thy men are models of manhood;
Thy maids are visions of light.

When the Nation assembles her heroes,
A freeman's rights to maintain,
She calls on the sons of New England,
And never calls in vain.

SMILES AND TEARS

UT from the mantled mountains white-winged
feathers fly,
Shrouding all the landscape, filling all the
sky,
Till wintry snow-flakes cover autumn's burnished
biers,
And every bare, brown tree is pearled with frozen
tears.

But while I pen these lines a change comes o'er the
plain,
The wind has blown itself away, the sun has come
again;
For stalwart day, serene, bedecked with armor
bright,
Beats back the sullen storm to depths of darkest
night.

How like to life, where smiles and tears do come
and go;—
This welcome summer sun; this wilderness of
snow!
Thus may our pathways centre, where the love-
light lies,
And every wayward step, footprint to Paradise.

A SOUTHERN IDYL

UNDER sunny budding trees,
Rocked by Springtime's soothing breeze;
Here we go, love, soft and slow, love,
To and fro, love, soft and slow.
Just a baby,—wee bit lady,
And another,—now I see!
Pair of fairies, on the rarest
Trip to Dreamland—*You and Me!*

Southern skies in mellow mist,
Southern souls by sunbeams kissed;
Hearts a-glowing, life bestowing
Overflowing joy for thee.
Bells are ringing! birds are singing!
Songs of gladness, fancy free!
Songs of triumph, love is bringing
Wedding bells for You and Me!

Though the leaves are flushed with gold,
Though our locks are gray and old,
Still we're hustling, bright and bustling,
Leaves are rustling to the sea.
Southern folks are young and loving,
While their hearts are filled with glee;
Years are nothing! Life is proving
Paradise—for You and Me!

* * * * *

A Southern Idyl

Side by side—they sleep at last,
For the toils of life are past,
 Gone the grieving—the bereaving
 And deceiving—gone at last!
Though the snows are wildly drifting
 There are shelters in the lea;
Far above, serene, uplifting,
 Reign the real "*You and Me*"!

IS THE LIGHT 'A-COMIN'?

IS the light a-comin'?"

"Yes, my dear.

Streaming o'er the mountain,
Stealing through the forest,
Gilding all the lakelets,
Sets the bees a-hummin':
Sure, the light is comin',
Pure and clear."

"Is the light a-comin'?"

"No, my dear.

The night was dark and dreary,
The world seemed wan and weary;
But now, the dawn, my dearie!
Glowin', grand, and stunnin'!
The light is not a-comin',
It is here."

A WOMAN LONE AND FORLORN

THIS merry old world seems dreary,
With the sunlight of love unborn;
Its pathways are sad and weary
To a woman lone and forlorn.

Longing all day for the night,
Longing all night for the morn;
'Tis a pitiful, sorrowing sight:—
A woman lone and forlorn.

Yet there's always something pleasant
In the days that are past and gone;
Something to cheer the present,
Of the woman lone and forlorn.

Somewhere, the sun is shining,
Some nook is free from the storm;
And the clouds have a silver lining
For the woman lone and forlorn.

Somewhere, someone is filling,
To the brim, a plenty horn,
And hearts are throbbing and thrilling
For the woman lone and forlorn.

* * * * *

Sunny are the paths of duty
With love and light reborn,
And the world is filled with beauty
For the woman lone and forlorn.

TOGETHER

IN these days of chivalry, truth and candor,
There comes the question, whether
The race shall divide, on the line of sex,
Like the parting of ewe and wether;
Or march in pairs, a wondrous sight,
To the school, the church, and the polls alike,
Hand in hand together.

IRIS

THOU Courtier of queenly Hera,
Fair Goddess of rainbows, come!
Nearer, nearer, still nearer;
Even to my tented home.

Thou lovest Hermes, who guideth
Our souls o'er the Stygian Sea;
Beyond his realms, there abideth
One dearer than life to me.

Sweet Iris, of the Golden wing,
Wilt thou my messenger be;
And beseech thy Hermes to bring
The loved one back to me.

If the sea, or the dark flowing river,
Doth bar the return of the dead,
Then fly to my darling and give her
A message from one she hath wed.

Tell her that ever and forever
There is hope for the dead, and the living;
For true love endeth never,
And loving is forgiving.

Thy mission accomplished, sweet Iris,
We will cast our sorrows away;
For the dear old days will inspire us
With new faith, please God that it may!

FISHIN'

BAREFOOTED boy—crownless hat,
Alder pole—crooked at that,
On a rock—fishing for trout,
Worms for bait—*but he yanks 'em out.*

Twenty years after—boy's a man,
Bamboo rod—palm-leaf fan,
Nary a strike—fishin' with flies,
Kid gets cash—*Gee wiz! how he lies.*

COMRADES

WHEN Cupid seems fickle and friends are
forsaking,
When the wounded heart is by fate over-
taken:

When Hope is dead and Spirit is breaking,—
Don't call him "Brother": 'tis only a fad,
If not "my own," then "Comrade."

Vast is the love of father or mother,
Dear is the love of sister or brother,
Sweet is the love of young souls to each other;
Not less the fealty of lad to lad,
Or the undying love of a Comrade.

Gathered around the old camp fires,
Singing the war-songs or twanging the lyres,
Nothing is dearer to sons or sires,
Nothing is nearer, smiling or sad,
Than the elbow-touch of a Comrade.

If then this pulsing heart of mine
Finds no responsive chord in thine,
Give me, I pray thee, by word or sign,
This single thought:—"My dear,
A loyal Comrade is here."

UNITY

I KNOW a heart that wildly beats
With love that passeth understanding;
Another heart each throb repeats,—
As rivulet the river greets,—
Then melt in one:—Cupid commanding,—
One heart is mine,—the other thine;
Yet all is mine and all is thine.

EDDYSTONE

IN the heart of the famed Adirondacks,
Far removed from passion and pain;
There lieth in the lap of the forest
The jewels of Fulton Chain.

Jewels of sunlight, flashing;
That mirror the woodland's green;
Jewels of moonlight, sparkling,
As the diadem of a queen.

Down there by the edge of the waters,
Reposing on the gray-brown heath,
The woodland spirit above us,
The feathery moss beneath,

Our lives seemed linked with the angels,—
For heaven reaches down to the earth;
Filling our souls with music,
And filling our hearts with mirth.

The rustle of leaves about us,
The swaying of ferns at our feet,
The fragrance of balsam and cedar,
Where rhythmical melodies meet,

Call us with yearning most tender,
To the realm of Nature' own,—
The Heart of the Adirondacks,
The Lodge of "Eddystone."

JUST A THOUGHT

THOUGH life runs merrily on
When blossoming youth has gone,
We sometimes pause and remember
The comradeship between
Summer's silvery sheen,
The golden days of September,
The drifting leaves of November,
And the white crested shrouds of December.

THE CHRYSALIS

WHEN sorrows crush the souls of men,
To mind—paralysis,
Then grief builds up a coat of mail,—
A seeming chrysalis;
The silence wakens higher life
And heralds second birth;
Then soar on pinions yet unknown
True men of nobler worth.

When Death's dread angel smites the heart,
Behold antithesis!
Swathed and bound, man shrinks and shrinks,
A real chrysalis;
And then the soul, not yet full born,
Eager to manumise,
Its earth work ended, breaks the bonds,
And wings to Paradise.

CLEAR LAKE

THOU loveliest gem of the pure mountain
lakes;

Half hidden by woodlands; half smothered by
brakes;

Beloved and bewitching, to grown-ups and girls;—
Thou silvery, shimmering, Mother of Pearls!

So softly you slumber in dame Nature's embrace,
The feathery moonlight scarce touches thy face;—
You have captured and conquered my heart and
my will,

Wherever I wander, I'll love thee still.

A TANGLE OF NERVES

IF your friend is forgetful, or fuming and fretful,
And Paradise, even, would jar his ideals;
It is but a condition, that needs a physician,
Or a heartache, that love and harmony heals.
If he seemeth laggard, or wild and haggard,
Or meanness crops out, by the crossing of
curves;—
Give nature the blame, and drop the harsh name,
The result is only a tangle of nerves.

It is sometimes hard, for prelate, or bard,
To practice all that he preaches, I know;
But a real attempt, well tried, and well meant,
May realise all that heaven can bestow.
So forget all the jagers, the pin-points and daggers,
And cast out the shadows that memory conserves.
If then he adds fuel, till life becomes cruel,
Remember 'tis only a tangle of nerves.

FATHER TIME ON A LARK

SLEEP on, old Graybeard Time! Sleep on,
An æon of nights without a morn!
Let not a breath from dawn to dawn
Disturb thy slumbers!

Then Winter's blast we ne'er shall know,
Nor aftermath of ice and snow;
Nor aught beyond the golden glow
Of Indian Summer.

And then—a thousand years between
June roses and November's sheen!
Each day will gleam, with joy supreme,
In storied numbers.

God's will be done! Nor question why!
Ours not to shirk or make reply!
'Tis ours to do, but not to die!—
Why knuckle under?

With work performed, with conscience clear,
Our fate we'll meet, without a fear:—
"What's that, Old Scythe, you're coming here,
To share the joy of Christmas cheer,
And greet us with 'Happy New Year'?
Oh,—'go to Thunder!'"

THE BRAVE UNKNOWN

WHEN the pride of the ice-rent *Titanic*
Was humbled and crushed in the sea;
The passengers, doomed, but heroic,
Front-faced Eternity.

For the air was filled with music,
Down there where the great ship bled;
Now joyous, now soothing, now sacred;
Home-songs for the quick and the dead.


And thus, to the end of the struggle,
Played on, that immortal band.
Unnamed, unknown, but heroes—
Simple service is sometimes grand!

What wonder, if the strains, celestial,
Piercing to the great white throne,
Were echoed by guardian angels:—
The *Titanic's* welcome home.

When the deeds of other heroes
Are carved in imperishable stone,
Let us write on the hearts of the people
A tribute to the brave unknown.

Then a song for performance of duty!
A pæan to the knights of the sea!
Who, dying, cheered the souls of the living,
With "Nearer My God to Thee."

AT THY FEET

 H thou feet, thou dandified, dear little feet,
Tripping so daintily down the street,
Flitting through forests where the Fairies
meet,
And the wee bonnie Elves with the Brownies com-
pete,
While the wild deer soundeth a swift retreat,
And the humming-bird hums us all to sleep;
Then prancing all over my heart. Oh thou sweet,
Thou dancing, entrancing, dear little feet.

I wonder if joys are reserved for me
In this world beautiful, or eternity:—
A ray of hope from the lips of my love,
A message of cheer by the wings of a dove;
A touch of the hand, a wafted kiss,—
Making life worth living, and heaven a bliss.

My desires are simple, my wants are few,
Just a vine-covered cottage (at Newport) will do,
With a few stray millions to carry it through.
But all this is ashes! No joy is complete,
If deprived of the right to fall at thy feet!

DOROTHY

LILY of Easter, yet ripe for the harvest,
Loved and loving and true,
Rich, with the gift of heavenly manna,
Pure as the morning dew:—
Thus flitted away
Our lovely Fay,
Dropping her mantle for you.

Mantle of Charity, warm and true-hearted,
Mantle of love and cheer;
Sweet and sisterly, tender and thoughtful;
Free as the angels from fear:—
Oh for the thought of it!
The happiness brought of it!
Dorothy! Dorothy! dear.

COTTAGE NO. 9

FOR five and twenty summers,
Happy as birds of the air;
Freed from fears and follies,
Bereft of cankering care,
They lived and loved together,
The jolliest couple there.
This is a real story,
Of a real friend of mine.
So I name not the street or the city,
But the cottage is No. 9.

For twenty years and five
They lived there all alone,—
Save the maid who ran the scullery
And occupied the throne;
Claiming all things thereabout
To be her very own.
They were all the world to each other,
With a oneness almost divine;
As they lived and loved together,
At Cottage No. 9.

Cottage No. 9

What need had they for bairns,
With happiness complete;
They owned the little cottage,
And all the kids in the street;
The door was always open
To weary toddling feet,
The welcome warm and hearty,
The doughnuts superfine,
And candy, and crullers, and kisses
At Cottage No. 9.

When the reindeer bells were tinkling,
At the Merry Christmas' time,
Old Santa would say with a chuckle,
And a twinkle in his "eyne,"
(That's Scotch for "eye," my dear,
And used for the lack of a rhyme)
"How many stockings, Fräulein,
To be filled from this bag of mine?"
There was never a tear nor a tremor,
And she blushing answered, "Nein."

Cottage No. 9

When the world is filled with sunshine,
It matters not what is below it;
If hubby was ever unhappy,
He really didn't know it;
If Madame was sad and regretful,
She certainly failed to show it.
Meanwhile the storks were winging
And casting the magic sign
Over every lintel, except
At Cottage No. 9.

Though Providence seems forgetful,
And there's sometimes something amiss,
Let us drink a toast to the "as is"
And seal it with a kiss.
So here's to the stork and the cradle,
Or here's to unified bliss!
To the Heavenly Father above
A care in that home I resign,
For we were the couple, my dear,
At Cottage No. 9.

NOVEMBER

TO-DAY, the woods and I are alone,
Its feathery hosts have fled,
The wind has withdrawn
Its message of song,
And the forest flowers are dead.

To-day the woods and I are alone,
Our love-tales we whispering tell—
The wounded heart grieves
As the fast-falling leaves
Hide, where the summer tears fell.

To-day the woods and I rejoice
At the incoming season of rest;
Man works or weeps,
But Dame Nature sleeps;
God's ways are mysterious, but best.

THE SEA

(First day out—fair)

THE sea, the sea, the merry old sea,
Bearing a message of joy to me;
Thou rightful,
Brightful,
Delightful,
Sunny,
Funny,
Rummy old sea.

(Second day—the storm gathers)

The sea, the sea, the weird old sea,
Shrouded in veils of mystery;
Emblematic,
Fanatic,
Piratic;
Thou weird,
Seared,
Feared old sea.

(Third day—the storm)

The sea, the sea, the sad old sea,
Weaving a wreath of woe for me;
With intonings,
Of moanings;
And groanings;
Thou grieving,
Bereaving,
Deceiving old sea.

The Sea

(Fourth day—the cyclone)

The sea, the sea, the angry old sea,
Freighted with a world of wrath for me;
 Wreck-making,
 Heartbreaking,
 God-forsaking—
Thou sad,
 Bad,
 Mad, old sea.

"PESSIMOP,"

A SERIAL

(1) *A Compromise*

TWIXT optimist and pessimist the difference
is queer:

The first one thinks that life's a smile, the
other one a tear.

One thinks that life is wholly day, the other wholly
night,

And it is plain to men of sense that neither one is
right.

For me, as I regard my days and contemplate my
crop

Of cares and blessings, I'm inclined to be a Pessi-
mop."

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS, in June *Nautilus*.

(2) *For the Pessimop*

"Let Bangs declare the Pessimop,

Of which the Op is less;

For me I place the opti first,

So I'm an Optipest."

MILTON M. BITTER, in July *Nautilus*.

“Pessimop”

(3) *For the Bitter-Bangs*

“Though the Pessimop be Banged,
And the Optipest be Bitter,
Though all their rhymes be hanged
On a pessimistic litter,
The optimist
Will remain on the list,
For he never was known as a ‘quitter.’ ”

S. F. K., in August *Nautilus*.

THE STRENGTH OF WEAKNESS

T WAS the midnight hour, and a storm, cyclonic,
Swept blindly and wildly with ghoulish
glee

Over the frantic waves, where mariners
Fought the fight of their lives with the sea;
Fought and conquered the raging sea.

Wounded and faint they anointed the waters,
Then, Triton sounding his trumpet, Sleep,
Drowsily spreading her feathery pinions,
Brooded softly and soothingly over the deep;
Calming and charming the troubled deep.

Meanwhile the weird and mysterious Storm-
King,
Beyond the sweep of the Sea-God's throne,
With groanings and moanings and sad intonings
Reaps vengeance upon himself alone;
Shrieks and screams to himself alone.

But the ship sails on, unheeding the tempest,
For God rules the wind, and man rules the
wave,
The anointed circle is safe as a harbor,
For Reason is King and the sea is his slave;
Man is triumphant and nature his slave.

The Strength of Weakness

So a touch of the oil of tenderness conquers
The fever and passion of living in me,
Calming the tempest of life, as moonlight
Silvers and mellows the gray old sea,
As the mariners soothe the storm-tossed sea.

THE MERRY HA-HA

WE rejoice the day though when we bid adieu,
In the early morn, to sorrow;
For the sunlight falls, in the darkest halls,
If we take no thought of the morrow;
But the woes of the moon drop to earth too soon,
If trouble we seek to borrow.

As you pass through the land, always give the glad
hand,
And a cheery, hearty "Hello!"
With a bit of advice, a dash of spice,
And a smile that is ripe and mellow.
'Twill lighten the labor of friend or neighbor,
Or any other fellow.

Why should our years be passed in tears,
Our hearts be seared and riven?
Strew all the land with a liberal hand,
And add a warm heart to the giving.
Ah, then, you'll be seeing the grandeur of being,
And a life that is worth the living!

ENCHANTMENT

HAVE you heard of the land of Enchantment,
That home of the Fairies and Elves,
Where the things that seem are as real,
As our faith in the things themselves;
Where the days, evanescent and golden,
Melt away in the soft moonlight,
And the larks fill the world with music
While chanting a dirge for the night.

Such a night of all nights we motored,
By the forest-fringed, moonlit sea;
Though the fairies were palpably human
And wondrously dear unto me.
In the air was the perfume of lilies,
On the earth a fleet limousine,
Where reposed a blue-eyed Princess
And thou—my brown-eyed Queen.

Oh, day of all days terrestrial!
Oh, night of all nights in the year!
A foretaste of joy Celestial,
In this land of the Now and the Here!
For that vision of Queen and Princess,
And forest fringed, moonlit sea
Will remain in its fullness of splendor,
Through all Eternity.

THE PASSING OF PAGE

WE have a worthy townsman,
And his surname is Page,
Who had a mint of money
When he became of age;
He was a bit unsteady,
And just a trifle "heady";
But still he was our townsman,
With the simple name of Page.

As you possibly have noted,
At that romantic age—
A Continental voyage
Is quite the common rage;
And so this youngster, he
Went off to gay "Paree";
Though still he was our townsman,
And still his name was Page.

There were more dukes than ducats
In that fatal pilgrimage,
And they played the very deuce,
With his fat inheritance;
And, alas and alack,
When the man came back,
Though still a worthy townsman,
He was no longer Page.

The Passing of Page

He grew so continental
In that gay "Paree,"
That for any affirmative
He would only answer "*oui*."
And that is why they say
He was "Monsieur Parzhay,"
And why, though still a townsman,
No longer "Page" was he.

One day this lordly townsman
Hailed a passing equipage,
Which in the true vernacular
Is simply called a "stage."
Said the jehu, "Monsieur Parzhay,
Are you waitin' for the starzhay?"
It was horrid for that driver
To prick the pride of Page.

But then our worthy townsman
In awful wrath arose,
And smote the sarcastic jehu
On his red, red nose;
But he found a moment later
That he had "caught a tartar"—
There was a mashed-up townsman
When that jehu came to blows.

The Passing of Page

We have a worthy townsman,
In this prosaic age,
Who never speaks of Europe,
And shuns the public stage,
He says the "pronounsation"
Of this American nation
Is enough for any townsman
Whose name is simply "Page."

Moral.

When aping foreign manners,
Remember townsman Page—
Don't "monkey" with the jehu
Who drives a public stage.
On ordinary occasions
He seemeth but a lamb,
Yet for Continental airs
That jehu never cares
A continental—dollar.

FLEISCHMAN

THREE blest is the man whose gleaners
Gather all the grain that fell,
"Who, passing the valley of Baca,"
Diggeth for others a well;
Who bringeth rest to the weary
And relief to the burning head;
Who receiveth the wandering sinner
And giveth the hungry bread.

Rewards of life are fleeting,
The rich man has his day;
But he holds in his cold, dead hand
Only what he has given away.
'Tis only the gift that surviveth,
Bestowing grace to the dead;
He receiveth heavenly manna
Who giveth the hungry bread.

O ye who love well-doing,
Above the world's applause;
And prize the simple "God bless you,"
Beyond the grand hurrahs;
Go climb Opportunity's hill,
And stand where Fleischman stood,
Who gathered in the outcast,
And gave the hungry food.

Fleischman

Garland his grave with flowers,
As a tribute to work well done;
And grace with wreaths of laurel
The civic battles won;
Then carve on the pure white marble,
That towers above his head:
"He earneth the praise of the Master
Who giveth the hungry bread."

WHETHER

WHETHER a freak of folly
Keeps our souls apart;
Whether a fiat, supernal,
Bars me from thy heart;
Whether 'tis fact or fancy
Fetters the one I adore;
Still lives the truth, eternal,
I love thee, more and more.


THE HIGHER LIFE

GOD pity the man whose soul never knew
The power of Nature's surprises,
The sunset blending of scarlet and blue
And the grandeur of Autumn sunrises;
The depth sublime of the azure dome,
With its stars that reign the night season,
The hallowed peace of a happy home,
And the heart-throbs that dominate reason.

Ah, dear to the sight is the starry night,
The Naiads of morn at the fountain,
And the golden glow of the evening light,
As it floats over meadow and mountain;
But dearer still life's aftermath,
Without one thought for the morrow;
That land of the Now no yesterday hath
Nor shadow of grief nor sorrow.

We gracefully bow to the few who know
The power of Nature's surprises,
The star-lit night, the sunset glow,
And the grandeur of Autumn sunrises;
And again we bow to the land of the Now,
With its merry quip and laughter,
To the life ideal, without Why or How,
In the Here and the Great Hereafter.

THE MORNING PRAYER

UR Father, Who art in Heaven,
Hallowed be Thy name;
Thy will be done on earth
As in heaven, the same;
Thy Kingdom Come.

Give us this day our bread,
Our trespasses forgive;
Then grant us the Secret of Life,
And the way to live
In Storm and Sun.

Lead us not in the path of temptation,
From all evil, O God, deliver;
For Thine is the kingdom, the glory,
And the power, forever;
Thy Will Be Done.

VESPERS

THE twilight fades, and shadows
Float over land and sea,
Filling my soul with sadness
And mystery.

From gray to deepest crimson,
From crimson back to gray,
Thus runneth the color gamut
Of the dying day.

Storm tossed and weary with drifting,
The clouds are banked in the West,
Reposing on the golden sky-line,
In perfect rest.

Midway, the forest, primeval,
Is flooded with glowing light;
Like the cheek of a maiden, flushing,
At the sun's "Good Night."

* * * * *

After the starry splendor
After the moonlight gleams,
God send us a glorious wak'ning,
From the land of dreams.

FINIS ET IMPRIMIS

THE fair, fresh, morning flowers,
Of Spring-tide's golden hours,
Are gone;
The smiles of September have passed,
The frowns of December at last:
Then lower the flag on the mast
And sound the sunset gun!
Tattoo and taps, come not too soon,
For I am alone.

See! Through the depth of night
A weird and mysterious light
Hath come!
It floodeth land and sea
And bringeth back to me,
In tender sympathy,
Friends and flowers—new born!
Sound the réveille to the breaking morn
For life—*begun*.

THE DAY'S GREETING

GOOD Morning, my dear!" The greeting is true,

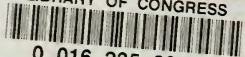
For the world is young, and the dawn is new;
As fresh, reborn,
Comes the golden morn,
That the jolly old stork is bringing to you.

"Good Day, my dear!" For the day is good,
Behaving right well as all days should;
Though the midday sun
Has only begun
To warm our hearts—if it only would!

"Good Evening, my dear!" For the night is here,
Though the stars shine bright and the pathway is clear.
Though friends have gone
And I stand alone,
Yet, somehow, the world is filled with cheer.



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